

THE HUMMER

RAD HARRILL REED, EDITOR

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The Man That's Ahead

Here is a clipping from The Durham Sun sent to us by a loyal subscriber. Read it and think it over.

"There is a man behind the counter and the man behind the gun, the man behind the buzzsaw and the man behind his son; the man behind the times and the one behind his rents, the man behind the plowshares and the man behind the fence; and the man behind the whistle and the man behind the bars, and the man behind the kodak and the man behind the cars; and the man behind his whiskers and the man behind his fist and everything behind a thing is entered on the list. But they have skipped another fellow of whom nothing has been said—the fellow who is even or just a little ways ahead; who always pays for what he gets and whose bill is always signed—he's a blamed sight more important than the man who is behind. All we newspaper people and merchants and whole commercial clan are indebted for existence to this honest noble man. He keeps us all in business and his town is never dead and so you all take your hat off to the man who is ahead. (We would add that a man MUST have "A AEAD" to get "AHEAD" these days and that he MUST use headwork instead of exclusive handwork. When more people run a little brain mixture down into their fingers then more people will PROSPER. The time has come to Hump, Hustle and Hum and if all of us want to stay a while longer on this happy earth we've got to get busy, we must get together and add Brain to Brawn!)

Parson Johnson's Lambs.

Possibly you have read this loka, but thanks to Mr. J. W. Hamilton, we print it gladly and feel sure your tickles will tickle unto "heap big laugh."

Parson Johnson, colored, was caught hugging one of the "ewe lambs" of the flock by the Deacon Jones in the church vestibule. Creating quite a stir, the parson was called to trial by the deacons. Asked to state his case the parson replied:

"You all knows dat de great Book tells us dat Christ embraced de lams of de flock and all dese pickshures dar on de wall shows him holding a lam in his hans."

"Yassir, dat am so," admitted Deacon Jones.

"Den sir, whut am wrong wid de sheppard of dis flock er holding er lam in his arms?"

This was too much for Brudder Jones so he had a call meeting that afternoon. After discussing the parson's act and defense the following resolution was adopted: Resolved, Dat fur de future peace ob de congregation, dat de nex time Parson Johnson feels called on ter take a lam ob de flock in his arms, dat he be show and pick out er ram lam."

Have You

E R Loyd of A & M College, director of Cooperative Extension Work under the U S Department of Agriculture, sends the following timely questions to all the state papers for publication. It is good food for thought and action. Read it sure.

Have you planted a patch of rape for spring hog pasture? Use the Dwarf Essex variety and sow either in rows or broadcast.

Have you mended your plows and farm machinery for spring use? Save time and money by doing it now.

Have you cleaned up your fence corners and cut the sprouts along the ditch banks?

Have you tiled that wet and soggy spot or cut a ditch thru it? Now is the time.

Have you planted all your oats? It is not yet too late.

Have you made preparations for a profitable spring garden? Now is the time to put out Early Jersey or Charleston Wakefield cabbage plants. Put the stems below the ground to avoid freezing.

Have you cleaned up your orchard, planted new trees removed old mummies and cut out the borers?

Have you sprayed for San Jose scale? Do it now.

Have you repaired that leak in the barn roof? Your corn or hay may be rotting.

Have you hauled out your manure? Put it on a clover sod.

Have you stopped that wash that will grow larger with each rain? Now is the time.

Have you decided to plant lespedeza this spring? Sow broadcast on oats or rye about the last of Feb. or the first of March.

We can add to the above the following:

Have you fixed that shelf your wife wanted you to put up way last summer?

Have you got enough dry stovewood and wash day wood under the house or shelter?

Have you sheltered every plow and farm tool? Is there a good plow stock in some fence corner?

Have you provided good shelter for all your cows, horses, mules, hogs, chickens, sheep, goats and your watch dog?

Have you repaired the fence around your house and garden?

Have you "shod" yourself and children good enough to keep out of the cold and wet.

Have you made sure that your chimney and stove flue are safe? Be Sure—Be Sure!

Have you subscribed for farm papers in order to learn better farming during the cold weather?

Have you boosted or praised anybody lately?

Have you made any plans for the year's work?

Have you paid up your subscription to The Hummer?

Once upon a time a judge in Georgia, sayeth Marshall P. Wilder, sentenced Sambo to be hanged. In these words the judge solemnly spoke: "You have been found by a jury of 12 men, tried and true, to be guilty of murder in the first degree, for having killed in cold blood, Moses Stackhouse, and it is the sentence of this court that on the 10th day of August the Sheriff of this county take you to a place near the county jail and there hang you until you are dead, dead, dead! And may God have mercy on your soul. Have you anything to say for yourself? Twisting his hat and shuffling his feet, Sambo replied: "Looky here, Jedge, you-all don't mean dis comin August, does you?"

THE BURIAL OF ABRAHAM

By Edna Teas Smith.

The following dialect story was sent to us by Mrs Edna Teas Smith of Coffeewill, Mississippi, and having laughed over it and we passed it to you to go thou and do likewise, believing that you will say it is one of the best short stories you have read for many moons and some more moons.

"Boss, is yer ever hear tell how dem niggers over to Possum Neck done burid de peach trees instid uv Brer Abraham Lincum Hamulton? Yer ain't? Well, I sho Lord, gwine t'tell yer."

My questioner was of the type seldom seen nowadays, a young buck evidently at outs with the Fraternal Orders. We were enroute from Coffeewill to the still smaller village of Pittsboro, a distance of twenty odd miles up hill and down. We had a typical country livery team, raw boned horses and shackled buggy; the trip would occupy practically the remainder of the day and since the story promised diversion, I arranged myself in the corner of the seat to listen enjoyably to Mansylla's account of the catastrophe at the funeral of Brer Abraham Lincum Hamulton. Mansylla settled himself and with an admonitory flick on the flank of Frank, a wry neck ewe tailed gray—to misquote Holmes, began:

"It wus dis, way Boss, I driv de hearse an dem fruit trees sho wus heavy. De niggers, dey all gethered at de depot, fur Brer Abe had died at Posidon, a town on de Yaller Dog rail road, an dey brung him to Possum Neck, whar his ole Mammy, Aunt Marthy Brown, live. Aunt Marthy is mos's hunded an neally blin', an she sho wus a awesome sight dat day. De Sons an Daughters uv Abraham, Isaac an Jacob wus to bury him, but Sis Marthy don't long to dat. She is de haid uv de 'Sterious Sten' (Mysterious Ten) an de Sterious Sten mus' wear some white an some red, an too, she wanted to wear mounin' so she had on a black silk dress an dey want no neck an sleeves to it, so she put it on over a white wais'. Sis Marthy is got big feet even fur a nigger, she had on white slippers and red stockings, she had a hansum red sash roun her middle, an den over all dis she had a long mounin veil a hangin' down her back. Gemmen, de way she took on when dat long box wus brought out wus sumpin turrrible—yer know she had to do honah to her mounin close. De Sons an Daughters uv Abraham, Isaac and Jacob wus dar in full regalia, de daughters wore purple dresses, white apuns an black hats, de Sons, black cloes, lil white apuns an black hats wid crepe streamers hangin down de back. I wus dar, a haldin dem prancin steeds, an de ole hearse done washed and shined up tell she sparkled lak de new Juruserlem. De pall bearers all gethered roun an histed dat box into de hearse an I driv off slow and solem lak to de cemetary—yer know dats de grave yahd, Boss—wid de uders marchin behime. Dar wus a kerridge dar fur Sis Marthy an de Presidint uv Abraham, Isaac and Jacob; nex Sons wid dey crepe bans wavin in de win, an las de Daughters. In dis fashion we brung up at de grave y—cemetary, an dar we wus met by Brer Primus Silas. Brer Primus kin pray de long windedest prar and zort de loudess uv any young man I ever hear. He tuk fur his tex whar it say in de Bible, 'Let us cross ober de ribber an res under de shade uv de trees, yea, verily, by dey fruits ye shall know dem.' It sho wus a stirrin oration, but Brer Primus allus knows his Bible an kin quote it on mos evey casion. He splavicate and he tidtoe. Yer sho could hear dat nigger to town. Brer Wes Logan led in prar. He begin at the beginnin and he go thru to de en; he pray de Lord from the front doe to de back doe. It's a wonder dem fruit trees didn't sprout. Ef he'd a been in Bible times he'd a made de walls uv Jehico fall. Den Brer Phillip Johnson raised de hymn, 'How Chris o'er sinners weep, I'll chase me till I die.' Brer Phillips opeus his mouf an

de soun jes streams out. He makes de birds set up and take notice when he sings.

When we wus thu puttin Brer Abraham away in good style it wus mos time fur de nex train noth, so we jes all adjourned to de depot. We stood roun in squads tellin Abe's good qualities an how much store his ma set by him when long cum de train a puffin an a blowin lak mad. I had dun tuk out de horses an put up de hearse an wus a standin wid de crowd, when I see some uv de train men come staggerin from de baggage car under de weight uv a pine box.

'Here you coon,' one uv 'em calls to me, 'hep us carry dis departed Brer to de flat form.'

'Yassir, Loss,' sez I, an steps up to resist him' 'who is dis daid nigger nohow?'

'Dis,' sez he, 'am de remains uv Brer Abraham Lincum Hamulton—what's de matter nigger?'—I had done drapt my bolt and fell out.

Yer oughter seen dem niggers scatterin, de Sisters jes faded away an de Sons white apuns an crepe bans sho went into dey pockets. Dey wouldn't none uv 'em go nigh dat daid corpse, fur hadn't we already buried Brer Abe wid honohs?

When de town patrol wagon tuk dat body to de grave yard, I mean cemetery, an dug up dat box to see whut us niggers had buried, dey found it full uv peach trees.

Yassir, we's mos dar, git up Frank."

WHEN YOU BUY YOU SHOULD KNOW WHAT YOU ARE GETTING.

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